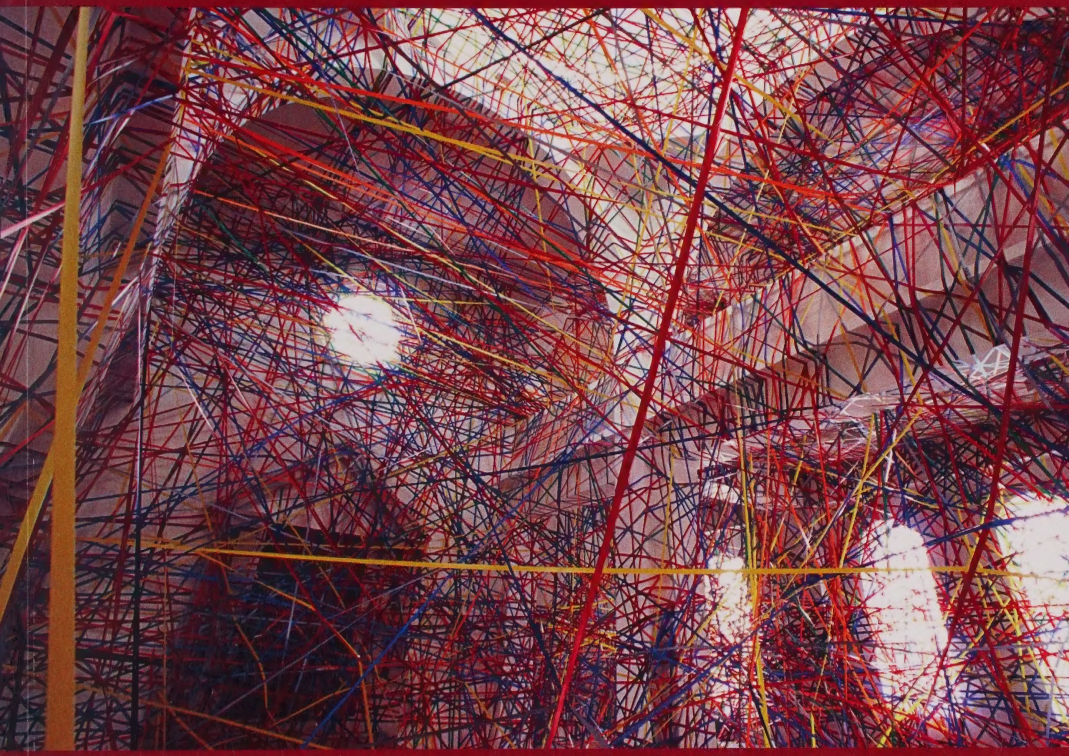
Rudyard Fearon



Noise in my mind

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Noise in my mind

Noise in my mind

by

Rudyard Fearon

RWF Publishing • Toronto • Canada

2008

RWF Publishing

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Noise in my mind

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Rudyard Fearon
January 2008

Rudyard Fearon

Rudyard is named for the poet Rudyard Kipling. He admits the influence of Claude McKay, the great Jamaican poet, and of Robert Frost. Yet his poetry is more than just a link to his birthplace in Clarendon, Jamaica. Fearon's poetry is imbued with universal truths, the struggle for equality and justice, themes of racial violence, and memories of his childhood. These are not simple reminiscences, but rather a blending of paradoxes, of the old with the new.

Since 1974, Rudyard Fearon has lived in Toronto, Canada. At the centre of this most multicultural city lies the University of Toronto. It is here that Fearon has worked since 1982 at the Robarts Library. And it is here that he has read volumes of literature, poetry and criticism while in search of his artistic ideal.

Fearon has been very active in Toronto's poetic community. Often published, Rudyard Fearon does not confine his art to the page. His reading of his poetry goes far beyond simple recitation. To see his performance is to witness the poet within. He will spend hours considering the subtleties of a word or the meaning of a title and then explode on stage with supreme energy. Fearon encompasses the spirit of island and mainland with wild enthusiasm and cool precision. His audio CD *Free Soil* (2001) and first book *Spin* (2004) have been well received by readers and reviewers alike. *Noise in my mind* (2008) is the latest collection of poems.

Introduction

by

Wasyl Sydorenko

The Music Within

Poetry, as we know it today, is still defined by classical traditions that originated with the Greeks and their Muses. All of the Muses, except for Urania and Clio, the muses of astronomy and history, have a dual nature — poetic and musical. Calliope is the muse of heroic poetry and epic song; Erato of erotic poetry and the nuptial hymn; Euterpe of lyric poetry and instrumental music; Melpomene of tragedy and musical harmony; Polyhymnia of pantomime and the sacred hymn; Terpsichore of chorus and dance; and Thalia of comedy and songs of praise. In fact, the Greek word *mousa* can refer to either music or poetry.

The poetry of Rudyard Fearon remains faithful to this tradition. And sound, whether it be musical or just noise, is as important to his writing as are the usual poetic devices. Indeed, some of his favourite devices are alliteration, assonance, onomatopoeia, repetition, and syllabic stress. When writing in free verse or in minimalist style, Fearon often uses sound to generate form. His concrete poems rely on white spaces, symbols, textual shaping, and the graphic mimicking of sound. Even the semiotic meanings of sounds become the building blocks of his poetic creations.

Another aspect of the classical Greek arts is the need for performance — theatre, dance, ritual, recitation, etc. For those of you who do not know this, Rudyard Fearon is a performing poet. In fact, his first collection of poetry *Free Soil*

was originally released as an audio CD. These recitations reveal that his poetry is not to be simply admired on the page of a book. Read them out loud. Hear their voices. And listen to the sounds, the noises, the music... Yes, Fearon's poetry is imbued with music. There is music within, home-grown music — *wake the dead, dance the dance, sing the song!*

When I first discovered the poetry of Rudyard Fearon, I immediately realized that he is a composer's poet. As a musician and composer myself, I am amazed by the musicality of each poem. Too many contemporary poets rely on their ability to manipulate words on a page, to show off their literary scholarship or engage in philosophical repartee as a means of writing poetry. They have forgotten the Muses. Their poetry does not sing. It cannot be performed. But Fearon is different. His poetry sings. It can and must be performed.

These are not idle words. I have had the pleasure of setting music to three of Rudyard Fearon's poems from his first two collections. *Between the Trees* (2002) is a musical tone poem, *I Love a Rainbow* (2003) is a passionate waltz, and *400 Years Waiting* (2004) is a pounding rebel chant that redefines Fearon's chef-d'oeuvre. Yes, there is music within. Hear it!

Wasyl Sydorenko
Reference and Digital Document Specialist
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Noise in my mind

Noise In My Mind

If you ever heed an inkling in the mind,
a little cling, a little something
forming but never fully formed;
a little sound, a little thing
catching but never fully caught;
a word, maybe, a phrase, maybe,
a sense but never quite a sentence.
And if you are like me
and grab a pen, a pencil, maybe,
and try to pen or pencil something
or anything it may be, or wants to be.
And if you fail miserably like me,
and walk for days shaking and shaking your head
and wondering and wondering just what it could have been...
and if they think you are just plain crazy
every time you grab a pen or pencil
and nothing wonderful ever happens
besides the shaking and shaking of your head
and if you are brave like me to give that inkling,
that cling, that little something,
some half-life by blurting
there is a noise in my mind...
or if you are brave and artistic, like me,
it will spin and spin your head and have you say
words that cannot quite be said.

... and if you are like me,
those in white may come
and lead you peacefully
away.

A Different Way

Truth,
in all its
nakedness
came upon me
in a sudden way:

"Forgive me,
Naked One,
you have startled me!"

I was clothed
and could see
in quite a
different way.

a poem

the
noise
is
going

something
emerging

y
  o
    u

a scrap of me

in a puff of air
a poem flew away from me.

somewhere surfaced
a scrap of me.

something

i am looking
for something
that i cannot find
something that is mine
but i cannot find...

wondering if that something
is lost for someone else
to find.

Down Below

The little house
I built on a hill
Is standing tall,

My little house
On a hill!

Lord, what a hill.

The Better Way

so little is said
of the man who Life

ends in a subway.

so little said...
except in an alleyway.

stillness

the world is quiet,
the world is calm...
not a whiff or whuff
on this autumn warm.

solemn, strange, this autumn day,
all is quiet, all at rest...
the birds, the bees,
and the flowers gay –
even noisy nestlings in their nest.

All That Is Impure

That which is undead,
Do not bury it.
Let its foul stench
Fill the air with malice.

Let it lie in true contempt.

Let the vultures circle.
Let the crows caw.
Ah, that which is undead,
Do not bury it!

Let it lie in limbo.

Shriek

The blackbirds shriek –
freeee!
And soar up
into the cotton clouds.

Layaway

In time
to come
we'll have
our say...

Layaway,
so much to say!

I Lay Me Down

Suspecting,
Not wanting to suspect.

Knowing,
Not wanting to know.

I pack away the crockery.
Toss aside the pillows.
Tear off the sheets.

Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep...

hot girls

hot girls
are such a tasty dish
indeed

not because of their arts
but because of their natural parts

Music

I stood,
immobilized,
helpless.

Across the shack –
bursting through the air
something bold,
something strong.

Chains

wrapped across my body
holding me fast.

But it can't be
for I am swaying,
head rocking, fingers clicking,
feet tapping.

Music,
home-grown music
that's what it is!
playing, toying with me,
gnawing my soul
out.

Flirt

Beauty glided.
I winked.
She winked.

Oh gosh.

Beauty

Like a searchlight
her eyes found me
and I succumbed to Beauty.

Beauty, beauty,
beauty all over me.

Virgin Love

Tell no one
about us.

Oh, let me lie naked
forever in your heart.

Last Night

Last night
in your arms
I was a flower...

now withered
in the morning sun.

A Fly

Uninvited,
A doll of a fly flirted
With me...

And left me in a trance
Flirting with myself.

Still The Hen

Here I am
still the hen.

Where is that cock
that started it all?

no more

no more
bartender
no more

gettin' pretty
by the moments

The Harvest

I have cultured
my soul in hell;
scattered my seeds
in guiltless pain.

Now the harvest is near,
come, take a piece of me.

one by one

our dogs are barking
not barking at the man

our dogs are barking
biting us one by one

Abandoned

On a discarded street
The eyes of a killer
Shone on me;
Grovelling in his wrath
I cried: Mercy oh Lord!

Disgusted,
He discarded me.

Am I not worthy?

Testimony

(i)

Forgive me my sins,
Dear Lord,
and I will submerge,
Dear Lord,
the ark.

(ii)

I, a battered black sheep,
love Thee as Thou lovest me.

(iii)

I am weak.
I am tired.
I am ready
to come home.

Send not Gabriel,
Dear Lord,
not Gabriel!

the calling

yes no yes no yes no yes
no yes no yes no yes no yes

jesus christ
i say
no' ready to go!

Till I Die

I shall not taste
The sweetness of honey
Upon these careless fingers;
Nor the joy of milk
Curled betwixt my greedy lips;

Nor shall I feel
The caress of Nature's arm
Upon this, oh naked body;
Nor encounter myself
A vocal serpent lurking
Within the garden of man;

No, my presence marked
I shall not be able to prove my virtue –
But oh! How foolish should it be
That I shall not truly live
Till I die?

talking nonsense

my granny says
it's chilly
i should pull
the curtain down.

i say the sun
is rising
and the birds
are singing.

my granny says
the birds are bawling
and i should stop
talking nonsense.

No Jacket

Dat Chigga-foot gal won't left me alone.
She just a dig in me, a dig in a me bone.
She left har yard, run come a me door,
A cause trouble, a cause all kind a uproar.

She sey she pregnant, sey me get har in a trouble.
Sey she know fe sure, fa she hear har belly a rumble.
An' a nuh fe John nor cast-yie Dago –
Fah me a de last man climb pon har a month ago.

Me couldn't believe me ears, me sey, "wait here!"
Me run go get feather and clean out me ears,
Fah dem ya news newspaper no publish –
Dem ya news a blackmail – born rubbish!

De gal holler, de gal bawl!
De gal voice knock me wife photo of de wall.
De whole village, dem so nosey, come to investigate,
Dem want fe know wah business Lorna hab a me gate.

When me come to me senses
Me holler, "Chigga-foot Lorna 'top yu nonsense!
Me hab nu tie, nu shirt, nu pants, money in a me pocket...
But gal me nuh want no jacket!"

De Flow

See me ya, sah,
Me sweet an' dandy.
See me ya, sah,
Me sweet laka sugar candy.

See me ya, sah,
Me nuh hab no surname.
See me ya, sah,
Me maddah didn't know who fe blame.

See me ya, sah,
Me nuh come cheap!
See how de breast
Dem a peep...

See me yah, sah,
Fifty fe de blow,
A hundred fe de lay,
An' a little extra fe de flow.

Bad Mind

Me nuh know why we black people bad-minded so...
Me did hab one frien' who used to gimme a ride to wuk,
Way up in a dem cold Steeles area whey no bus nuh run.
An' me did grateful fe de little ride, but Lawd sah... it was torture!
Fah every time him fe drop me off, me start fret –
An' all because ah didn't know how to shut him door!
If me push it soft, it nuh shut.
If me push it hard, him quarrel –
Sey how me bad mind!
Me want fe mash up him nu car!
If it snow him quarrel –
Sey how me boot a bring salt in a him nu car!
After a while ah didn't know whey fe rest me po'r foot.

So me decide to buy me own!

Me really noticed every time me blow him,
Him whol him head straight,
But me po'r bwoy nah pay it no mind...
Me tink sey a hard hearing him a get –
After all him nuh too young...
Till him best frien' pinch me tell me sey, dat de man hab me up.
Sey how me ungrateful, an' dat me is a damn miser too!
Fah all dis time him a sorry fe me, him never know
Dat a plan me de plan fe show off pon him!

Fah since me buy me big car
Him a fe walk wid cotton in a him ears!
Oonu see me trial?
So me tek time give up pon frien' like him...

An' all because a bad mind!

Black Bud

Kiss me neck, ah fraid fe walk pon street,
De way de cops dem a shoot,
Ah feel like black bud pon tree.
A whey mek dem a gwan so sah?
To tell yu de truth...
Ah really ketch me fraid!
De other night ah was walkin' pon Eglinton...
Pardon me expression... but ah nearly shit me pants!
Six cruiser' wid dem light a flash,
Pull up pon me, brap!
When dem fly dem door
Me po'r brain sey, "Run bwoy!"
But me foot dem so frighten...
Dem wouldn't obey!
Me hear me own voice bawl out,
"Ah wah officer?"
Same time sinthin' warm run down me legs.

Me can't sey enuf t'ank yu to de ooman
Who live over de store, who fly open har window
An' shout, "Me see!
Nuh tink oonu gwan kill
Dis ya one yah an' get way wid it!"
Immediately dem tell me how dem sorry
An' how dem tink me was somadi else.

But me never did realize me luck
'Til me read de next day bout de Barnett bwoy dat dem kill...
De one dat try fe run from dem!
Bwoy, me was lucky fe true!
Fah if me foot did obey me brain dat night...
Me wouldn't live to tell yu me story!

Grandpa

sometimes
the old empty
rocking chair
rocks and rocks.

identity

i once
had something
real

so empty

since they stole me.

high tides

there is no time
to stop and watch
the high tides
for we are drifting

a ship without a captain
a captain without a crew
a crew without a ship

drifting on hardened ground.

Dry Toast

I could have eaten my dry toast...

When the babe was in the manger
And the dog and I was no stranger,

When the mouse was here to stay
And the cat used to prey,

When the cow was in the barn
And the field was filled with corn.

I could have eaten my dry toast
If the toast hadn't burnt.

Less Hurry

If certain words said
Could be unsaid,
There would be less sorry.

If certain things done
Could be undone,
There would be less worry.

If certain times lost
Could be regained,
Then there would be less hurry.

Dead-End

There are avenues in life
That I have yet to travel:
Crossways and pathways to cross,
Lanes and by-lanes to find

And here I am
Blocking traffic
At a dead-end

For the builder has ceased
To hear my footsteps.

Not Yet Ready

If I am tickled
And the child
In me
Is resurrected,
Then scold me
For I am just a child;

If I am scolded
And the babe
In me
Is reincarnated,
Then cradle me
For I am just a babe;

Not yet ready
For the adult world.

My Love

My love, embarrass me no more
When I stand begging at your door;
Hate me less
When to please I try my best.

Smile when I am around
And my restless soul is at your bounds;
Or else my eyes may close
And wither the tenderness of your rose.

Wake me when I am asleep
For in quiet dreams I weep;
Hold me close to your breast
For in sweet heaven I rest.

Forgiveness

There must be something
I can do to heal your worrying:
To break bread, to drink
And be merry, to feel ache
And not hurt, to cry
And feel love.
There must be something
Left over to cherish
Like relics, to feel like memory
And be free from ill-contempt;
To give with grace, and never worry
That it might be flung
Back like riotous rocks
Seeking revenge; for I must forgive,
Sit still; let stillness run through me
Like a river full, and in search of an ocean.

Remembrance

Citizen by borrowed nationality,
Visitor by its passport
And lost in its numbers,
I hope when my visa expires,
Somewhere in time
Some acquaintance of mine
Will remember and say,
Not with sympathy but relief:
"He was here yesterday
Lost and all alone
But someone kind
Must have found
And took him home."

The Touch

There is something amiss,
something these fingers cannot touch.
if only they could pull up,
and feel that touch,
to satisfy a need, an urge
to know that alien touch:
the curves, the imaginings
of a mind, the mark
on the brow, to feel,
to pull,
pull up like fingers
that never know so wild a fire
from a touch
on the brow
that burns
like hot coal;
burns like hell.
sweat that falls
like tears on fire
to quench a thirst,
a need, an urge
to touch an alien touch,
that these fingers can never know;
yet marked so indelibly
on this brow.

Tears Are Falling

Tears are falling
Here tonight.
I can feel them
Falling
On my pillow;
And I am drowning,
Drowning
In a sea of love,
And I have no boat
To row me,
Row me
Safely home.

Bomb

tick

tick

a volcano

watching

waiting

time.

Gravedigger

The carefree gravedigger
Who dug
And buried me
Six feet
        Under

Forgot to remove
His ladder
And now
I'm climbing
        High
        High
On his freedom.

Never One

We are two people
Blemished as one.

We are two people
Bound by spoken words.

We are two people
Who need to be free.

We are two people –
Never one.

musing

there is something
to be said about some things
that cannot die...
some things immortal like my soul.

and in a way
such things are to be pitied
for they cannot pass...
pass on into something tangible.

misplaced

somehow
she seemed
misplaced
as i watched her
alone
in a crowd.

Life's A Sizzle

Here I am
fleeing twenty-five

stranded
at twenty-four

life's a sizzle
on the side of a highway.

Coming

Going where I am coming from.

My presence is felt by my absence.

Morale

I said good morning,
And you said good evening.

The work relationship was fine,
Even though we never see
Eye to eye.
And you left
And they came
And the good morning
And good evening left, too.

Frankly,
The silence is killing me!

Neighbour, Neighbour

You put me and the ape in a cage.
You looked him over.
You looked me over.
You said,
"Come man,
You look more like me."
You unlocked my shackles.
You said I was free.

Across the ditch from your house
You built a tent for me.
"Come man,
Come live beside me."

I remembered the cage
And the shackles
But you said,
"Neighbour, neighbour
Now we're family."

How come you still
Watching me?

Years have passed
And I noticed
At your feasts
You have guests constantly.

How come you never
Invite me?

Neighbour, neighbour
Tell me,
What kind a family
Are we?

Nickels And Dimes

Wasting working time
Jingling nickels and dimes.
Hear them jingle,
Hear them chime;
My nickels and dimes.
Where did they slip?
Where did they slide?
Where have they gone to hide?

The Ugly Duckling

The ugly duckling
Watches the sky
And dreams to fly;

Watches an

e
a
g
l
e

Fall from the sky.

The Story

Let the story begin
with an
A.

And when everything is said
and done

let the story end
with a
Z.

Think

Let me think about it...

If Y equals X
And X equals Y
Therefore X is Y
And Y is X.

Nothing changes.

Think.

Stolen Love

At times in stupor,
and in solitary gaze
love floods my heart
and I call out your name:

Rakesh! Rakesh!
Love, where are you?

Rakesh! Rakesh!
I am so lost without you.

At times the flood
engulfs my world
like one big ocean...
again, I call your name:

Rakesh! Rakesh!
Love, where are you?

Oh, stolen love, dear,
is not enough for two.

Just A Smile

I will smile
a little smile for you,
my dear;
just a little smile
to show you
how much I love you
and if you return a smile,
just a little smile,
my dear;
love so fleeting
will be eternal,

eternal
my dear.

Burden

The old chair
on which I sit
creaks
        and
            creaks.

My burden is heavy too!

Pain

Something in haste said:

Pull the dagger from your heart
And plunge it into the mind
For it has caused pain,
Too much pain!
And so the headlines cried:

Heart killed Mind.

And some thought about it one way
And couldn't understand it;
And some thought of it the other way;
And some thought between the lines:

Thought killed Thought.

And those dead in the knowing sighed:
Pain killed Pain.

And the page turned.

art

cobwebs

embroidered

on a dormant mind

Innocence

Cobwebs
on a dormant mind...

an innocent bystander
wandered by

and mindlessly learned its secrets.

Lamp Of Nature

O Lamp of Nature, shine for me
when the world is dark with unrest
and Sin's sinful eyes watch me.

O Lamp, stare them, eye to eye – at your best.

Some People

Some people are like a dream.
Some people are not what they seem.

Some people live in a glass house.
Some people are cat and mouse.

Some people think in black and white.
Some people are day and night.

Some people are people just the same.
They just don't know they are insane.

We Are Here

We are young.
We are black.
We can't argue
That's a fact.
But what you don't see;
We now see.
What you don't hear;
We now hear.
We are alive;
We have survived.

Yes,
We are here in a chequered crowd:
You, me and them...
No need to hunt,
We are right here in front.
It took us a long, long time...
A lot of sweat,
A lot of tears;
But soon we will take your chair.
No offence, of course, meant;
We have learned.

Now it's our turn.

Shame

The raggedy man limped in from the cold.
"Put one on the tab for me, Steve."
"No tab for you, Dave!"
"Come on, Steve, a shot for the road."
The place grew quiet.
"For chrissake give me a shot!"
Steve stared hard at the raggedy man.
"Get the hell outa here!"

In the corner four shifty well-dressed men fidgeted
And stared with new-found interest at their cocktails.
Then one who couldn't take it any longer spat,
"It's a goddamn shame to see him like that...
A goddamn shame."

Old Age

Over there!
There is a watcher
A scalper, a hunter –
Call him whatever is best,
But he is there the same
Watching you and I.

Over there, somewhere,
There is a shrewd watcher.
Armed with a knife?
Armed with an arrow?
Guess to your heart's content,
But he is there, the same,
Waiting for you and I.

And though clever
Medicine men we are,
He is more clever!
For he sits on the edge of Time
And hobbies the clock,
Every sec., min., and hour;
Each tick a step closer,
Not long now –
The evidence revealed
He is getting you and I.

Manhood

Whereupon I toyed
In the fantasy of childhood
And built my tents
Upon the desert sand;
And set my ship
A-sail on the rocky sea
Then laughingly watched
Their childish success
With time to spare;

Whereupon I foresee not
The creeping shadows of night
That crept upon my identity
And exposed my manhood –
That dangling soul of yesterday.

let me out

champagne

stifled

in a bottle

Impression

Paint my life
On this wretched paper;
Paint it white,
Paint it black,
It doesn't matter –
Your interpretation
Is as luminous
As the colour of your mind.

Too Late

Put away
The scissors
The patch
The needle

And the thread.

It is late
To patch
The holes
Hem the ends

And clip the frills.

It is late,
Too late,
To mend the wound.

Inside-Out

If unsatisfied,
Turn me
Inside-out;
Peer at me
Through enlarged lens,
Observe carefully
The little digitals
That entwine my mystery.
Learn their metabolism,
If not their inheritance;
Listen carefully to the streams
That vary through me;
I may be a figment of your imagination,
Every point detailed upon your mind;
Close me inside-in.

I am a statue
To be examined
Another day.

Needle And Thread

She caught me
watching her

putting it in
taking it out
putting it in
taking it out

needle in
thread out.

The Call

A telephone rings.
A bird sings.
A call for you;
Someone sings the blues.

A dream flops.
A life stops.
Somewhere a cry;
Someone dies.

Fishing

I fished for a fish
On a rainy night
And caught myself a raindrop
Twinkling on a moon-beam.

Life

Up the hill I marched.

Down the hill I rolled.

heighten

so much is his loss

in a fall

shadow walk

walk walk walk walk

park walk walk park

walk shadow
shadow walk
with me

park bench
bench park

eat bird
bird eat
crumbs
with
me.

The Soldier

I am an over-the-hill soldier
marching to yesterday's band.

Rat-a-tat tat,
hear those guns.

Love Dance

watch them rock
watch them float
right across the floor.

love

such a beautiful thing
in a fleeting way.

A Daisy

I thought the dance
was all for me;
then she danced the dance
for rude eyes to see.

I plucked her a daisy
and off it was for me.

Wondering

I am here thinking
of nothing but you.

Thinking of the things
we used to do.

Wondering if love is true,
why can't we do the things
we used to do?

stand on guard

our land
is fertile
it's time
to dig
        plough
        sow
the seeds
let them
multiply
and bear
        fruit
for the famine.

armed
with pick-axe
        and
machete

come stand,
stand
on guard!

Lost Trust

If the probe
of my eyes,
the frown
on my face,
shrinks the flower
within your heart;

if the hollowness
of my voice,
the silence
in my soul,
repels the innocence
within your thoughts;

pity me,
for I have lost trust
in mankind.

Free Conscience

The sun's fiery teeth
Sink deep into his flesh;
His tear-filled body waters
The sugar-spiced growth.

Broken in spirit,
Broken in mind,
He surrenders.

His mind races back home
And he hears their cries
And slams the door
In their faces;

But they drum on his mentality,
Trample on his conscience.
He picks up his machete...

Again the sun mocks him,
But now he is immune –
His conscience free.

Satisfaction

If life though simple give
Was optioned for man to relive
And mistakes simple or complex
Were will to correct;
Then the world would never see
A more perfect man than me.

But should jealous my thoughts be
At the deeds of my alien friends;
Then somewhere in history's glee
Greed spilled and eager to lend
To those a trod my sunken steps –
Satisfaction is beyond man's concept.

If

If each step
of a fool

is a foot-step
brighter;

each step
a foot-step wiser;

then I'm on the doorstep
of wisdom.

just as before

we will relive tomorrow
just as we lived before,
continually repeating ourselves,
following the same worn paths as before.

our destinations reached, we will never know.
we will go on and on
just as we did before; living many lives,
yet hardly ever living one.

Age

Young,
Full of vigour –
And I knew not that I was.
Then upon my body
Crawled Time's aging legs
And I knew not whence it came,
And if it went – where it went...
But tracks, wrinkled, grey,
Flickering across my body
Deceive its presence within.

Suspicious

If for a moment
You had noticed
My searchlights
That had probed
Through your dimensions
Into the utmost parts
Of your mind
To uncover your motive;
If for a moment
Your thoughts ponder
That uncertain reception
That your "hi" and "hello"
Had played fiddle
On my frightened ears;
If in that life-long moment
The half-frozen smile
That stood embarrassed
Upon your lips
Had lost confidence
In human friendship;

Pity us strangers,
For we are suspicious.

Silver Lining

From dark clouds
silver water

falls
from the sky.

On earth
shiny silver buckets

lie in wait.

On My Own

Now on my own
I will no longer
Nibble my father's bone.

Nor will I elope
On a cloud of dreams
Or a bellyful of hope,

But with young hands
Build my tomorrow
On this rocky land.

True Love

True love
is the bird
        nesting
in my heart –
stir it not
for it may fly
        away.

Grasp

A lone yellow leaf,
speckled-pale, but tightly held,
shivers in the chill.

The Innu

See that Eskimo
So vigilant in the snow...
So where did he go?

This Bird Whistles No More

This bird whistles no more in leafless trees
So despoiled by Nature's cruel breath
And seeing life in its lifeless moment
When the last few dead and yellowed leaves fall.
Aimlessly seeking, finding no refuge,
The once verdant branches, so lost without
Their song, sway sadly in the icy wind –
Life is so absent on this empty field.
I look on, trembling at my nomad's life
All which is good and pure has past away...
At times like this the mind's an open field
Where a deceived heart seeks songs from trees
And finds nothing but Nature's cruelty –
This bird whistles no more in leafless trees.

A Dot

She noticed me not.
A man in a cap.
Who is that?

I tried to tell her
With sly eyes
I am more than that.

She could not
See a dot.

Fists

We will wait
With open hands outstretched.
We will not close them

Yet.

Glad

I have lost her to another man

and I am glad.

Not To Know

Please
don't tell me.

It's best if my ears
don't hear.

Please
don't show me.

It's best if my eyes
don't see.

Sometimes
it's best not to know.

Me

(i)

a lost

flake

in a snowstorm.

(ii)

blood

drips

on winter carpet.

Snort

Wagging tongues wag:
he is home where he belongs.

pin

prick me
pin.

that speck of blood
that is upon you
is only
me.

Nothing

The man stared deeply
At me and said,

"Who are you?"

I wanted to say nothing...
But I was curious.

"Who are you?"

And so we stared deeply
At each other and said nothing.

Flutter

When love was true
we nested under a solitary tree

and birds fluttered.

Tonight under cold lights
alone I lie

and my heart flutters.

The Shell

She snapped:
I'm not happy with you.

Some say
she was long gone before those words.

Worthless Stones

You blocks
You worthless stones!
You wined
You dined
At your master's trough!

Move On

Nothing is here for me,
Nothing at all;
So I must enter the dark,
Venture over that hill,
Venture through that perilous terrain.

I must find that which is lost.
I must search every iota of space
For I must find me;
I must know me.

Move on, move on
Tired feet...
I say, move on!

I must find that shining sun.

The Way

On a night's day
the sun rises
and I can see
the way again.

Sing Song

Wake the dead!
They have done me no wrong.
Wake the dead!
I want to hear their song.

Sing, dead,
Sing your song.

Sing song!

No.
Your song
Is not my song.

a curve

a curve
is bending
around me
like a chain
reminding me
of something
i'd rather forget

clocks

in quiet repose
i lie here in bed

listening

to a symphony

Slow Time Slow

I remember a time
when Time was the prisoner
of the mind,
and Dreams were clouds out of reach.

I think of these things
ever so slowly;

slow Time slow.

Time

I cannot say where this begins...

Or where this ends....

Dictionary of Jamaican Dialect

&

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Dictionary of Jamaican Dialect (Patois)

Ah – I
An' – and
Brap – suddenly
Bud – bird
Bwoy – boy
Chigga-foot – sore-foot
Dat – that
De – the
Dem – them
Dis – this
Enuf – enough
Fah – for
Fe – to, for
Gal – girl
Gimme – give me
Gwan – go on
Hab – have
Har – her
Jacket – jacket, illegitimate child
Laka – like
Lawd – Lord
Maddah – mother
Mek – make
No' – not
Nu – new

Nuh – no, don't
Ooman – woman
Oonu – you (plural)
Pon – on, upon
Po'r – poor
Sah – sir
Sey – say
Sinthin' – something
Somadi – somebody
T'ank – thank
Tek – take
Tink – think
'Top – stop
Wah – what
Whey – where
Whol – hold
Wid – with
Wuk – work
Ya – here, you
Yah – yes
Yie – eye
Yu – you

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a poem

the
noise
is
going

something
emerging

y
o
u

This is Rudyard Fearon's third collection of poems and second book of poetry. It is a collection that includes narrative and minimalist poems, classic strophes and free verses, concrete poetry and haiku, sonnet and song, rhymed couplets and onomatopoeic stanzas. Fearon demonstrates that he is master of diverse styles, forms and genres. Each and every poem is unique. His poetic method is thought-provoking, philosophically acute, yet down-to-earth, breaking the boundary separating muse and art from humanity and truth.

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